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No. 3.

AN HOUR WITH HUMBOLDT.

[We find the following highly interesting account of an hour's interview with Humboldt, in the New York Daily Tribune. It is from the pen of the world-renowned traveler, Bayard Taylor, and was written at Paris, under date of Nov. 25, 1856. Though somewhat long, it will well pay for perusal.—RES. ED.]

"I CAME to Berlin, not to visit its museums and galleries, its magnificent street of lindens, its operas and theaters, nor to mingle in the gay life of its streets and saloons, but for the sake of seeing and speaking with the world's greatest living man—Alexander von Humboldt.

At present, with his great age and his universal renown, regarded as a throned monarch in the world of science, his friends have been obliged, perforce, to protect him from the exhaustive homage of his thousands of subjects, and, for his own sake, to make difficult the ways of access to him. The friend and familiar companion of the King, he may be said, equally, to hold his own court, with the privilege however, of at any time breaking through the formalities which only self-defense has rendered necessary. Some of my works, I knew, had found their way into his hands; I was at the beginning of a journey which would probably lead me through regions which his feet had traversed and his genius illustrated, and it was not merely a natural curiosity which attracted me toward him. I followed the advice of some German friends, and made use of no mediatory influence, but simply dispatched a note to him, stating my name and object, and asking for an interview.

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Three days afterward I received through the city-post a reply in his own hand, stating that, although he was suffering from a cold which had followed his removal from Potsdam to the capital, he would willingly receive me, and appointed 1 o'clock to-day for the visit.

I was punctual to the minute, and reached his residence in the Oranienburger-strasse, as the clock struck. While in Berlin, he lives with his servant Seifert, whose name only I found on the door. It was a plain two-story house, with a dull pink front, and inhabited, like most of the houses in German cities, by two or three families. The bell-wire over Seifert's name came from the second story. I pulled; the heavy *porte-cochère* opened of itself, and I mounted the steps until I reached a second bell-pull, over a plate inscribed "Alexander von Humboldt."

A stout, square-faced man of about fifty, whom I at once recognized as Seifert, opened the door for me. "Are you Herr Taylor?" he asked; and added, on receiving my reply: "His Excellency is ready to receive you." He ushered me into a room filled with stuffed birds and other objects of natural history; then into a large library, which apparently contained the gifts of authors, artists, and men of science. I walked between two long tables heaped with sumptuous folios, to the further door, which opened into the study. Those who have seen the admirable colored lithograph of Hildebrand's picture, know precisely how the room looks. There was the plain table, the writing-desk covered with letters and manuscripts, the little green sofa, and the same maps and pictures on the drab-colored walls. The picture had been so long hanging in my own room at home, that I at once recognized each particular object.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself, then drew up a plain cane-bottomed chair and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Tennyson, describing Wellington, came into my mind: "Oh, good gray head, which all men know." The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of

a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast, like a ripe ear of corn, but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven Winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth and chin have the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always express an honest simplicity and directness. I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age; but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few and small and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, is still abundant, his step slow but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily rain of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my Winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the Winter?" he asked: "Your experiences will be very interesting, it is true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "That remains to be seen," I answered, "I have tried all climates except the Arctic, without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast." "That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object in travel must lead you to seek such contrasts: but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization." "You doubtless know, from your own ex-

perience," I said, "that nothing preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true" he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset. For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yourself. During five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched."

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very monotonous: fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery among the Altai Mountains was very grand. From his window in one of the Siberian towns, he had counted eleven peaks covered with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the few races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a monastic with a nomadic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sects followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotions in the encampments, inside of a sacred circle marked out by spears. He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic church.

Humboldt's recollections of the Altai Mountains naturally led him to speak of the Andes. "You have traveled in Mexico," said he; "do you not agree with me in the opinion that the finest mountains in the world are those single cones of perpetual snow rising out of the splendid vegetation of the tropics? The Himalayas, although loftier, can scarcely make an equal impression; they lie further to the north, without the belt of tropical growths, and their sides are dreary and sterile in comparison. You remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his "Minor Writings," turned over the leaves and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked as he closed the book, "that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue-fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and

unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."

He spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving, whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr. Irving, and had seen him not long before leaving New-York. "He must be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," I answered, "but as young as ever." "Ah!" said he, "I have lived so long that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while traveling in South America."

I have repeated but the smallest portion of his conversation, which flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of the richest knowledge. On recalling it to my mind, after leaving, I was surprised to find how great a number of subjects he had touched upon, and how much he had said, or seemed to have said—for he has the rare faculty of placing a subject in the clearest and most vivid light by a few luminous words—concerning each. He thought, as he talked, without effort. I should compare his brain to the Fountain of Vaucluse—a still, deep and tranquil pool, without a ripple on its surface, but creating a river by its overflow. He asked me many questions, but did not always wait for an answer, the question itself suggesting some reminiscence, or some thought which he had evident pleasure in expressing. I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted to me had expired. Seifert at length reappeared and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar, "It is time," and I took my leave.

"You have traveled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid," for I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the great, of Forster, the companion of Capt. Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott—in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three-quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after

scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cataract of Atures and the forests of the Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon and Popocatapetl, the Altaian Alps of Siberia, the Tartar steppes and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an example of old age—crowned with imperishable success, full of the ripest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin, indeed! No: a human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.

As I was passing out through the cabinet of Natural History, Seifert's voice arrested me. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but do you know what this is?" pointing to the antlers of a Rocky-Mountain elk. "Of course I do," said I, "I have helped to eat many of them." He then pointed out the other specimens, and took me into the library to show me some drawings by his son-in-law, Miuhlhausen, who had accompanied Lieut. Whipple in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains. He also showed me a very elaborate specimen of bead-work, in a gilt frame. "This," he said, "is the work of a Kirghiz princess, who presented it to His Excellency when we were on our journey to Siberia." "You accompanied His Excellency then?" I asked. "Yes," said he; "*we* were there in '29." Seifert is justly proud of having shared for thirty or forty years the fortunes of his master. There was a ring, and a servant came in to announce a visitor. "Ah, the Prince Ypsilanti," said he: "don't let him in; don't let a single soul in; I must go and dress His Excellency. Sir, excuse me—yours, most respectfully," and therewith he bowed himself out. As I descended to the street, I passed Prince Ypsilanti on the stairs.

A GENTLE WORD.

BY LILLA A. CUSHMAN.

A gentle word—it falls like balm
 Upon the worn and weary heart;
 And calms the agony within,
 With more than magic art.
 A gentle word—it hath the power
 To win the erring back,
 Though they have wandered far away
 From virtue's beaten track.
 A gentle word—O give to all
 Sweet, gentle words of love,
 For they shall all return to thee,
 From God's own lips above.

NO. 2. MATHEMATICAL GEOGRAPHY AND THE BEST METHOD OF TEACHING IT.

HAVING circumnavigated the globe a number of times, by sailing in one direction, allowance being made for the doubling of capes, &c., and arriving at the place of departure, we conclude that the earth is either cylindrical or globular. If it is cylindrical, the lines we call *meridians* will be equally distant from each other; but observation contradicts the supposition, for as we go from the equator towards the poles these lines continue to converge and meet at the poles. Hence we are forced to the conclusion that the earth is spherical. Show the class a cylinder and a sphere, and with a little explanation, they will have a clear understanding of it.

The following among a number of proofs may be subjoined to the foregoing in elucidating the earth's rotundity. As we travel east or west from any place the sun rises earlier or later. If the sun rises here in Manchester* at 6 o'clock, it will rise at Eastport in Maine at 5 o'clock 38 minutes; and in Chicago, Ill., at 7 o'clock.

As we travel north, the pole-star rises one degree for every degree we travel northward, and recedes one degree for every degree we travel southward. The latitude of Manchester is about $41^{\circ} 45' N.$; hence the pole star is $41^{\circ} 45'$ above the horizon; and if we travel south till we reach the equator, the pole star sinks from observation. The appearance of a ship coming in from sea, the circular outline of the earth's shadow in eclipses of the moon, and some other proofs, if earnestly entered into, are full of excellent matter for developing thought.

We pass to the third division of the subject which presents for our consideration the nature of *rotation*, the *poles* and the *equator*.

The class are now ready to commit to memory the definition of a circle, a sphere, a hemisphere, the *diameter* of a circle, of a sphere and a great circle of a sphere. The latter may be defined as "a circle of a sphere dividing its surface into two equal parts called hemispheres." A map is the picture or representation of the round world. It may be illustrated by a hemisphere globe, turning the convex surface to the class. It must be shown that in looking at a sphere only one-half of it can be seen at once. The *earth* is in constant motion, rotates from west to east, and makes one complete revolution in twenty-four hours. The axis of the earth is an imaginary right

* The meridian of Manchester is about seventy-two and a half degrees west from Greenwich, or four and a half degrees east from Washington. Every teacher must have his meridian.

line passing through its center, and poles, about which it revolves. The poles are the extremity of the axis.

The axis is a difficult thing to explain. The spinning of a top, the twirling of a piece of coin, and the suspension of the globe by a string, may be presented as illustration. It must not be left for them to infer that the point of the top, or coin, or the string which suspends the globe is the axis. Caution must be observed not to point out the meridians (70° E. and 110° W.) as the axis; for then confusion will arise in the mind, from a line being pointed out on the surface as the axis. Any demonstration which may lead them to conclude, that aside from its substance, the earth really has an axis, should be judiciously disposed of. We define the equator to be a great circle around the earth equidistant from the poles. It is a *circle*, notwithstanding it appears as a straight line on the map. This is an error unavoidable in representing the round world on a flat surface. The equator is about 24,920 miles in length. There the days and nights are always equal; the sun rising at six and setting at six. The twilight is of short duration, so that it is dark almost immediately after sunset. Changes in temperature are very slight, its average being 81° or 82° Fahrenheit; and compared only to our warmest summer days. Animals* and plants are of different species from those found in New England. The sun is vertical at noon near March 20th, and Sept. 23rd; then bodies cast no shadow; and it is never far from vertical at noon, during any season of the year. The pole-star is in the horizon; the Great Bear near, or below it and out of sight. All the stars in the heaven may be seen there in one night, one-half just after sunset, and the other half just before sunrise. It was called the *Burning Line* by the old navigators and was to them a source of great alarm. Father Neptune was not wanting in the varieties of ceremonies and the peculations he practiced on those who crossed it for the first time. Points of this nature expatiated upon and illustrated, will excite a peculiar interest in the class, after which it will be an interesting and instructive exercise for them, to point out the leading places it passes through, beginning at the first meridian, and going in the direction the globe turns. It meets the first meridian in the Atlantic Ocean just South of the Gulf of Guinea, enters Africa a little north of Cape Lopez, crosses Africa, enters the Indian Ocean, passes a little south of the Maldive Islands, through Sumatra, a little south of the British settlement of Singapore, through Borneo and Celebes, a little north

* These will form the subject for a separate article.

of New Guinea through the Pacific Ocean, through the Galapagos Islands, enters South America in Equador, passes just north of Quito, crosses New Granada and Brazil, and thence enters the Atlantic at the mouth of the Amazon. Let the members of the class frequently point out the above places along the equator and not only be able to point them out on the map, but to name them from memory. The position of these countries to the equator becomes fixed in the mind, together with the climate, seasons, appearance of the stars, the sun at midday &c. &c. The same cause should be pursued with reference to the Tropics and Polar circles. Frequent reviews until each member of the class can name all of the important countries and places through which these circles pass. The class has now traveled around the earth in at least five different places. They have passed through the most important countries and islands on the globe, and been introduced to a great variety of climate, of scenery, and phenomena. They have divided the globe into five great portions, each of which is full of associations and scenes of a peculiarly interesting character.

This brings us to the fourth division of the subject which will develop the nature and use of Latitude and Longitude, together with the tropics and the torrid zone in their relation to the sun's apparent motion and influence.

A. G.

Manchester Center.

For the Common School Journal.

WHAT CAN THE TEACHER DO?

HE who labors in the educational field through entirely mercenary motives will find no chord in his bosom, touched by the inquiry. But he, whose heart-swelling emotions beat with a christian zeal, for the good of his youthful charge, will feel that there is an inexpressible importance attached to the question.

Often, especially in the rural districts, the teacher finds himself, a stranger, among a bright and healthy company of scholars, who from obvious reasons, have neither caught the spirit nor the genius of education. Indeed the task is an onerous one and well may it be said, "what can the teacher do." Let him first make this impression strong that his *business* is manufacturing mind, and that he is there for no other object than their good. Then let him rouse up every sleepy intellectual power, open the avenues to the fountains of knowledge, obstruct the little rivulets of vice, that are constantly

turning their poisonous course into the innocent heart, give a correct turn to the manners, mould the general deportment, impart such a knowledge of the house they live in, as to insure to them and their posterity relief from many of the ills that we are heir to, enforce at least an external respect for the amenities of society, and beyond all these cultivate a holy reverence for the duties of Religion. Failure in such a cause is impossible. And who could ask a higher, a nobler mission? Fellow Teacher, our calling is a divinely appointed one, and let us pursue it with manly vigor, studying carefully the relation between Religion and Learning. Remember there is not a solitary benevolent or literary institution in the world that does not owe its foundation to a religious element. Indeed it is time that a few have tried the lamentable experiment of divorcing Religion from Learning. But they had forgotten the holy marriage on Mount Sinai, and that it is written, "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." They were seed on stony places.

You *may* and you *must*, expect to meet with difficulties, but bear this heavenly thought in mind, that the shadowy influence which you are now casting around you, will become more and more perceptible, until the succeeding generation shall have assumed the responsibilities of society, when it will perfectly mirror forth your heart with all its feelings and affections. Then let not your zeal abate, whether you continue in the school-room, enter the business arena, or are found in the circles of private life.

J. L. D.

Norwich, Conn.

For the Journal.

MORAL INSTRUCTION.

It is a true, yet lamentable fact, that many teachers care not enough for the improvement of the morals of their pupils, and more especially is it to be deplored in these days, when parents delegate to teachers of Sabbath and day schools, the dearest interests of their children.

Though teachers can not perform the duties belonging only to parents, yet they have duties, and serious ones, kindred to those of the parent, that they alone must discharge. They should teach their pupils to be governed by the principles of right and religion, by manifesting in all their decisions, that they are guided and governed by them; that they are laboring for their good, and that teaching is a

work of love, as it really is, when performed in a right spirit. No teacher who strives for the accomplishment of this, will see any effort ineffectual. Teachers can thus secure the confiding love of childhood, and their decisions will not long clash with those of the child, because the child knows they are well intended.

When this state of feeling can be secured, good seed should be sown, as into good soil, which will require the closest attention of the teacher that nothing wrong may spring up and thrive. Teach them to relate truthfully, which is a virtue of untold value, and thus weaken and destroy the too common habit of exaggeration.

Be ready to improve *every* opportunity for sending home *truth* to their hearts.

Dear teachers, the cultivation of immortal minds is a great and solemn work. The impressions your pupils receive from you this winter, will be lasting, and all you do will have a history unending.

E. A. P.

For the Common School Journal.

THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

"If I could only select my pupils," remarked a teacher to the mother of her brightest scholar; "if they were only all like Charlie, it would be a *luxury* to teach."

"Charlie is a pretty good boy," replied Mrs. D., "although like all children, he has his faults."

"Of course, children are not perfect," was the reply. "Teaching would be too much like tending machines, if they were; but Charlie is so very fond of his book—so easy to learn, and seems to remember everything so well that it is my greatest pleasure to hear him recite. Depend upon it, he will be a great man if he lives."

A glance of motherly pride lit up the pale features of the poor widow, and after the teacher's departure, she sat down in her small scantily furnished room, to build air-castles, which taking the line of her own cheerful practical nature, came much nearer the regions of reality than air-castles are apt to do.

Her darling only son—her pride, her idol, was even now beginning to realize her fond hopes, and as he sat by the open window, earnestly conning over his lessons, and anon tossing the waving golden hair from a broad white brow, gazed a moment at the setting sun,

then turned with eager eye and flushed cheek to his task. What wonder that the fond mother's delighted gaze read in his countenance the promise of future renown? By every encouragement and device which love could suggest, she had stimulated and fed his thirst for knowledge, and would not the reward most surely come?

The entrance of a blooming daughter of some fifteen summers, just returned from the village with an interesting budget of news, served to direct, for a time, her thoughts into a new channel, and when they again reverted to her son, she noticed that instead of attending to his lesson, he was lounging idly in a chair, with his book held carelessly, wrong side up in his hand.

"Why, Charlie, what is the matter; have you learned your lesson, my son?"

"No, mother, not quite; it's all hard to-day, but I'll try to get it before dark."

"That is right, my dear, lessons first and rest afterward, remember."

And without remarking the unusual flush on his cheek, or the painful wearied expression of his delicate features, the doting parent kissed her boy a tender good night, and after charging him to be sure and not neglect his lesson, went out to watch with a sick neighbor.

Mary D. rested quietly on her hard bed that night, without a fear in consequence of her mother's absence, and was revelling in youth's delicious dreams, when she was suddenly awakened by a quick, sharp *scream*, and the next moment a white-robed figure opened her door, and with fixed, glaring eye-balls, entered, calling loudly for *Mother! Mother!* The frightened sister vainly endeavored to calm the somnambulist, and unable to leave him, anxiously watched the breaking dawn for her mother's return.

The watch-worn widow found her idol in the height of a brain fever. A physician was instantly sent for, but in his averted eye, the agonized parent read the fearful truth.

Life was spared, but upon the poor sufferer's brain, the light of reason never again dawned. The once bright, beautiful Charlie D. is a hopeless idiot.

Teachers and parents, beware of stimulating the precocious intellects of your bright children. *Repress*, rather than *encourage* in such, an inordinate love of *books* and *study*, so that the *true end* and purpose of *real education* be accomplished.

GRACE GRANGER.

THE TEACHERS' DREAM.

The day was wrapped in twilights' shroud,
And where the sun sank to his rest,
Bathing in gold each wandering cloud,
A twinkling star hung in the west.

Gone with the sun the tread of feet,
The hum and shout of voices gay—
The teacher watched their progress fleet,
Along the far and shadowing way.

And now she sits alone—so young
She seemed to need a teachers' care,
A darkness o'er those bright orbs flung,
That glisten'd 'neath her waving hair.

All day was purpose in her eye,
And sweetness on her thoughtful brow,
But in the former teardrops lie,
And shadows cloud the other now.

An angel's work she thought to find,
Some quiet village school within,
Where she might help the opening mind,
A glorious destiny to win.

For days she toiled with happy heart,
But when the busy week had flown,
She sat with her own tears apart,
And felt in sympathies alone.

Not long her neat account above
The youthful teacher bowed and wept,
Gently as fall the tones of love
Her eyelids drooped—she sweetly slept.

She slept while night her ebony hair,
Flung loose upon the sportive wind,
Some for relief, now here, now there,
A wayward lock with stars she pinned.

Unheard the cricket piped away,
From out a crack behind the door,
And two gray mice cautious survey,
The dinner basket on the floor.

From neighboring bough the Whippoorwill,
Mourned plaintive to the listening night,
While from an eastward looking hill,
The rising moon shed floods of light.

The Teachers' Dream.

The white moon from her heaven of blue,
Looked full upon the sleeper's face,
And through the casement softly blew,
The night winds round her resting place.

And yet unheeding all she lay—
Of pure and holy angels dreamed,
And that they bade her mount a way,
Which like old Israel's ladder seemed.

She dreamed she had aweary grown,
Of toil, and care, and selfish mood,
And wished with tears she might begone,
To hold communion with the good.

And that an angel's voice was heard,
Bidding her cast a look on high,
Where thousand wings to music stirred,
Were gleaming thwart the burnished sky.

The spirit land her thought beheld,
What truths were heard, what glories seen,
Was ever, carefully withheld—
She never told that long bright dream.

We only know her face was bright,
With smiles we deem the angels wear,
That she awoke—and saw the night
Was radiant with many a star.

That in her school room, still and lone
She bowed awhile in earnest prayer,
And that her low and solemn tone,
Told that she felt her God was there.

Her young glad beauty bright with thought,
Her life, her love, her faith, her tears,
That night a sacrifice were brought,
Nor once recalled in after years.

Faithful her toil, and long her care,
But there's no furrow on her brow;
The smile her tranquil features wear,
Was ne'er so beautiful as now.

She is one of the noble few,
Who "learn to labor and to wait,"
And many call her good and true,
Who know not she was truly great.

If of her purpose you inquire,
Her countenance with smiles will beam,
And thus she answers your desire,—
"I had a dream—a *holy dream*."

PHONOGRAPHY.

MESSRS. EDITORS: FOR the last fifteen years, Phonography has attracted my attention. During that time, I have been a friend to the movement for its general adoption. But it has been far from me to *press very severely* for it, as suggested by "W". Others may have done so.

He conceives *the great claim for it* is, &c. [See pp. 11, vol. XII, January, 1857, No. 1.] With me, that is not the fact. Its great claim is, THAT IT WILL PREVENT MORE CERTAINLY, THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW PROVINCIALISMS; AND MORE SURELY CORRECT THOSE NOW PREVAILING. There is a want of a standard. If our Federal documents, discussions, &c. were printed and written according to a fair system of Phonography, we should have a standard which would secure a uniformity of orthography and pronunciation in any past time, in any part of the world.

Heretofore, and at present, the ambition of most persons, is, to acquire a habit of spelling out what is meant, without regard to the manner in which it should be pronounced. If Phonography be allowed to take the place of our present Pantamorphic system, the student will have to direct his attention to the national standard of utterance. He will have more time to secure a correct habit of speech during the few years now devoted, mostly, to the acquisition of our present, anomalous spelling.

"W" suggests, that reporters would, of necessity, write in New England *such*; in Missouri *sich*. Why?—Because speakers use such utterance? I reply, by no means. For if reporters must barbarise their reports to suit the uncouth utterance of speakers, then should printers put in type all the orthographical errors made by correspondents. Do they? "W" well knows they do not.

To *spell as it is spoken* should not be claimed, and, I venture to say is not, except by a few enthusiastic admirers of it who should not be taken as the exponents of *the exact* principles on which the claims of Phonography rest. If "W" will be good enough to take this, "TO SPELL AS IT SHOULD BE SPOKEN," give it a fair consideration, and communicate his conclusions, he will, probably, forward the discussion toward a proper issue, and, certainly, favor,

G. C. M.

STORIES FOR THE YOUTH.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

Carrie was spending a few weeks at her grandfather's. Her mother, and brother, and sister, were there. Children always love to visit their grand parents. Carrie was having a nice time, till one morning, in her play, she broke a pane of glass in the bed-room window.

'Oh, dear!' she exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'it's grandpa's window! What will he say?'

Grandpa was away that day. He had gone to the city, early in the morning, and would not return till night. Carrie sought her grandmother, and confided her trouble to her.

'Oh grandma!' she said, 'I've broken grandpa's window! I'm sorry! Don't tell him I did it!'

'How did you break it?' inquired grandma, quietly.

'I was running round the room,' Carrie answered, 'and my foot slipped, and I caught at the rocking chair to keep me from falling. The chair rocked, and the back went against the window. Don't tell grandpa, will you?'

'But grandpa must know it,' was the reply; 'there must be a new pane of glass set.'

'Well don't tell him I did it,' urged Carrie.

'What shall we tell him?' said grandma.

'Tell him the chair rocked against it,' Carrie answered.

'But he will want to know what made the chair rock,' said grandma.

'Tell him one of the children did it,' said Carrie, 'let him think it was Albert or Emma; don't tell him I did it.'

'But don't you see my child,' interposed Carrie's mother, who had not yet spoken, 'don't you see that this would not be honest? You do not want to throw the blame of breaking the window upon your brother or sister, when you broke it, yourself, do you?'

'No,' said Carrie, 'but grandpa will scold at me if he knew I broke it.'

'I don't think he will,' grandma remarked, 'I think the best way will be for you to tell him the truth, yourself, as soon as he comes home.'

'Oh, I can't tell him?' Carrie exclaimed.

'But he will see that the window is broken, when he goes into the

bedroom,' said Carrie's mother, 'and he will enquire how it was done, and we shall have to tell him. It will be much better for you to tell him yourself, before he knows anything about it.'

Carrie saw that this was reasonable, but it was a long time before she could make up her mind to do what her mother and grandmother thought was best. At last, after a long crying spell, and a great many earnest endeavors to find some other way of getting out of the difficulty, Carrie said,

'Well, mother, I'll tell grandpa, myself, when he comes home.'

'That will be the best way,' said her mother smiling.

That smile encouraged Carrie wonderfully.—She wished that grandpa would come then, so that she might tell him at once, and have it over with. But he would not be home before sunset. He did not come that evening till after dark. Carrie drew her little chair closer to grandma's when she heard the carriage drive into the yard.

He's come,' she whispered, and her hand trembled as she laid it in grandma's lap.

'Yes, dear,' grandma answered, 'and his little granddaughter need not be afraid to tell him the truth.' Grandpa went to the barn and took care of his horses. Then he came in and sat down in the corner near the fire.

'And you're up yet, my little girl,' he said kindly, addressing Carrie.

'The tears came into Carrie's eyes.

'Tell him now, dear,' whispered grandma.

'Yes, grandpa,' Carrie said, 'I—I sat up to see you.'

The child burst into tears.

'Why, Carrie, what's the matter?' inquired grandpa, in surprise.

'Grandpa,' sobbed the child, 'I've broken your bedroom window.' And Carrie hid her face in grandma's lap.

'Broken my bedroom window!' said grandpa. 'Ah! how did you manage to do that?'

Carrie explained the matter as well as she could for crying. Grandpa listened attentively and said, when she had concluded:

'I am sorry you met with such an accident, my child; I must set a new pane of glass there, to-morrow.'

And grandpa drew a chair to the table, and sat down to eat his supper. How poor Carrie's heart was lightened.

'Grandpa didn't blame me a bit. He only pitied me,' she thought. And ten minutes after she was sound asleep in her bed.

The next morning was clear and frosty, but Carrie was so anxious to see with her own eyes the mischief she had done remedied, that grandma bundled her up in a warm hood and shawl and sent her up into the bedroom where grandpa was setting a pane of glass. She came out again when the work was done, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks.

‘Telling the truth was the best way after all, wasn’t it, Carrie?’

‘Oh, much the best,’ Carrie answered. ‘I mean to tell the truth always.’—*Instructor.*

SELF-CONTROL.

THE BOY WHO CONQUERED.

Some few years ago, a lad of good natural abilities, who was left without father or mother, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as an errand boy, or otherwise, till he could command a higher position; but this boy had fallen into bad company, and was in the habit of calling for his “bitters” occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant on Pearl-street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there, and made his business known.

“Walk into the office, my lad,” said the merchant. “I’ll attend to you soon.”

When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a cigar in his hat. This was enough. “My boy,” said he, “I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience, of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and, if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me.”

John—for this was his name—held down his head, and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death-bed, called him to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, said, “Johnny, my dear boy, I’m going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed

your father. Promise me this and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and, throwing himself upon the bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed, he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, "Sir, you, very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to do, and have not followed the good advice of my poor mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have *now* made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar; and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years, this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth ten thousand dollars. He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance, as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny, for good or evil, depends.—*Northern Farmer.*

INSTRUCTION IN DRAWING.

M. A. Dwight

[We take pleasure in giving to our readers the following communication from Miss Dwight, whose system of drawing has been received with much favor by some of our best teachers. We have long felt that the art of drawing was deserving of more attention in our schools, and we cordially welcome any efforts that may tend to secure more interest and better results. Mr. Hart, a highly accomplished and successful teacher in Farmington, writes that he considers "Miss Dwight's system *most worthy of the attention* of those interested in education. It is a *common sense* system. It is, in an eminent degree, a *natural* system, leading, as it does, directly to the study of natural objects without the

intervention of a mere copy of them." We commend the article below to the attention of our readers.—Rrs. Ed.]

The important question, "how shall drawing be taught successfully in schools?" is now attracting the attention of educationists, which is a good sign of the times. By duly attending to it they will find, that to teach drawing successfully, it must be taught systematically and scientifically, receiving the same care and attention as other studies pursued. When it is as well taught as others, the practice of the art will be found of great practical value, and not wanting in interest.

Let us suppose that a scholar wishes to learn geometry after having attained the age of fifteen, and also to become an engineer. With this object in view, and without knowing the simple rules of arithmetic, he is placed under the care of a professed teacher, who first gives him an arithmetical class-book, with directions to copy the sums, and from the key, to write down the answers. He then gives him the algebra, and follows with the problems of Euclid, all of which are to be copied in the same mechanical manner, without regard to the rules or principles of arithmetical education, or the laws of geometry. With such instruction, (for the same process is called instruction in regard to art,) will he be prepared for any practical application of the science of geometry? or for any independent effort in the way of engineering?

Again, let us suppose that at the same age, he presents himself for instruction in the art of written composition, not having yet learned to spell, or even to form a letter with the pen. The teacher first requires him to copy, *verbatim*, the lessons in the first reader, and then some finished orations. What will he have gained in the process? True, his taste will have become somewhat cultivated; but, will he be prepared to write an original theme? Yet, this is the way that drawing is taught in our schools, and the people say, "of what use is it?"

The love of drawing is a universal taste, which may be known from the fact that nearly all children love to draw. Those who are not pleased with the use of pencils and a box of colors, are the exceptions. It would, therefore, require no efforts to make it a regular study, commencing at eight or ten years of age. For the disinclination manifested afterwards, several reasons may be given. In the first place, acquiring the rudiments of the art after the taste has become a little cultivated is a drudgery. It is not more so with

drawing than with music. The rudiments of all studies should be acquired at an early period. After childhood is past, there is a feeling of dissatisfaction at the puerile efforts at skill, which naturally creates a disrelish for the pursuit. In the next place, drawing is made a perfectly mechanical lesson. The scholar has placed before him a picture of some object, or group of objects, of which he is to make a copy as well as he can. If his poor skill fails in the attempt, the teacher lends a helping hand, and the work is accomplished after a certain manner,—and if the natural taste for art is sufficiently strong, the scholar perseveres until he has acquired the ability to copy a picture without assistance. But, if the scholar have only a moderate taste for it, he finds no gratification in the pursuit, and as no intellectual capacity is exerted or gratified, he gives it up in disgust, asking the same question, “of what use is it?”

Yet it is of use, even in this imperfection, inasmuch as it sometimes leads to the development of fine natural abilities, the cultivation of which is a source of profit and honor to the possessor. With common school training, the talent for other things is developed, and, if properly taught, the scholar finds himself capable of making the most of his natural gifts. Every talent, but that for art, is duly cultivated at school, or at least a foundation laid for it; and why should this be made an exception.

In regard to the manner of teaching, the scholar should commence young. Every teacher understands the difference exhibited in the capacity for acquiring rudimentary knowledge at the respective ages of seven and fourteen. Childhood is the period for acquiring rudimentary knowledge in every department of study. Then there is no impatience felt at slow progress; no haste to get on to something apparently more attractive. And, to acquire perfect manual dexterity, either at the piano or the easel, the scholar must begin to practice in childhood.

In the instruction of this branch, as well as that of mathematics, there is but one right way. Let the teacher first give the child some exercise in curves and circles, without reference to drawing from any model, at the same time holding his pencil properly. This requires that the wrist should rest upon the table, leaving the whole hand free for action. The drawing of curves in every direction, with the wrists so rested, will be found a perfectly easy and natural exercise of the hand. There is no better preliminary exercise than the drawing of a circle, guided by the eye; not to make one, and then another, and so on for twenty in succession, and leaving them imper-

fectly done; the scholar should correct and improve each one according to his ability, dividing it by straight lines into halves and quarters of circles, depending on his eye alone for guidance. This is all the preliminary practice required in straight lines. In drawing straight lines for this purpose, he does not find it irksome, for he has an object in view. On the contrary, nothing is more tedious, or more useless, than drawing straight lines merely for the exercise. The straight line may always be corrected by the ruler; the great point in practice is to make the curve, and this should be the first object aimed at; for the infinite variety of curves required in the practice of art, no instrument can define, no ruler can rectify.

The ability to draw a straight line has been considered a test of native capacity. This is one of the mistakes of ignorance. Let the teacher question the scholar in regard to the division of his circle, and if he can not see when one point exceeds the other in size, as marked by his line, he has no eye for form, and will not progress by practice. If his eye is capable of measuring so as to detect a difference, it will improve by practice, and he will in time, if made to depend upon his eye, learn to discriminate the nicest variation of curve. This is of first importance. Do not forbid measuring; but, encourage independent action, and self-reliance in every effort.

The right step is to imitate some simple form, which gives practice in the curve. The object itself is preferable to the representation of the same thing on paper; and the scholar should, from the outset, be accustomed to making his own representations of objects. If he does not begin with that, (and it is just as easy for him,) he does not know when to change. After having first drawn from prints, beginning with the imitation of form, is just like commencing anew. From simple objects he should go on gradually to more difficult, always improving and correcting his drawings. The teacher should require him to correct his own work; point out the faulty part, then let him study the form of the object before him, carefully comparing his own imitation of it, correcting and improving his lines until he has accomplished all that he is capable of doing at that stage of progress. This is the most important part of his exercise, and to accomplish his task well, he must apply himself to drawing as to a study. The teacher should render assistance according to his judgment, and by his own lines show the scholar, if a better curve can be made than his own.

In this method of instruction the class will not fail to be instructed. In one school, where the instruction given was limited to mechanical

copying, the class anticipated the lessons with a feeling of dislike. Busts are now introduced as the models for study, and the scholars have become so much interested, that the time given to the lesson is considered too short. They are interested, because they feel that they are acquiring skill with the pencil, and really understand the value of the lesson to which the hour is appropriated.

STATE REFORM SCHOOL.

WE had the pleasure of visiting this institution recently, at the time of the regular school exercises. The Assistant Superintendent, Saxton B. Little, Esq., has the immediate charge of the school department, assisted by Rev. R. H. Maine, Chaplain, and two ladies, in the class exercises.

We heard the recitations of two classes in arithmetic, and two in reading. One of the classes in arithmetic was reciting in fractions. Examples were given by the teacher, to be explained and worked upon the slate. We were surprised with the thoroughness and accuracy of the recitation. Principles were explained and rules applied with a facility that would have been creditable in our best public schools. The first class in arithmetic were reciting in the principal school room. Fifteen of the pupils were at the blackboard. Questions were proposed by the Principal, and marked upon the board by the boys, with a rapidity unusual even in our best grammar schools. The class was composed of nine Irish, one African, and five Americans. The questions were not taken from books, but such as would occur to merchants, mechanics and laborers, in the ordinary affairs of life; such as the number of shingles for a building of given dimensions; the carpeting of different widths required for a room; examples in interest and discount; merchants' bills, &c., all worked in a manner that showed that the boys were well taught in practical mathematics.

The classes in reading appeared well. Very great differences were seen in the voice and expression, but it only evinced the improvement in some members of the classes.

At the interval between recitations, a song was sung, with a depth of feeling and power that would have moved harder hearts than ours by its simple expressions of the wants of the soul.

We could not but feel that in the progress of these boys in intellectual and moral culture, was a very strong argument for good and free schools for the whole population of our cities and manufacturing villages. If such results can be obtained from those who have been guilty of crimes, and accustomed to vicious practices, what might we not expect from a system of properly arranged schools, with good and permanent teachers?

C*

OUR JOURNAL.

WE have watched and tended it in its infancy, have seen it growing stronger, spreading wider its influence and have learned to look for its regular coming with a pleasing expectation. Now we rejoice in its prosperity. But it is not yet mature; being only in a vigorous youth it needs more than ever careful efforts for its further development.

Some things are ours because we *possess* them, and in this sense the Journal is ours for it is the property of the teachers of Connecticut; we would have it called ours in a different sense, as the tree we have planted, watered and trimmed is ours; as the picture from our own pencil, the house after our model, or the machine we have invented is ours; it should be ours *because it reflects ourselves*.

And is not this the true idea of a State Educational Journal? Ought it not to be, and to show, the handiwork of the living, active teachers of the state; to tell their views, modes of teaching, experience in discipline, sorrows—but, much more, their joys—their aims, hopes, and encouragements; to show the most effective methods for accomplishing their work. Ought it not, too, to mark the intellectual progress of the teachers themselves, as seen in clearer and freer expressions of thought in words; by the higher style of thought and feeling, and by the increase of a practical, common sense tone in the article from any particular writer? Is there not a pleasure in thus tracing the progress of our co-laborers?

Do any wish for extended views of educational policy, for sound theories, and valuable treatises on different branches beyond the ordinary common school attainments? Such—and we hope there are many such—will find their want supplied in Barnard's American Journal of Education, which appropriately takes the highest place in educational literature. Take it one and all; but let *our Journal* be the Journal of the teachers of the state. No, not *let it be* merely, but *make it so*. This work belongs not to the editors merely, but to the teachers, one and all.

Then let us all aim to *do* something, and with "*Excelsior*" for our motto strive to make our Journal second to no other.

F. C. B.

THE BOOK OF LIFE. "This is a great work. Every year a volume,—every month a chapter,—every week a page,—every day a paragraph." Study it well and see that it is so written and printed that it will merit a rich binding.

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.**TO VISITORS AND OTHER SCHOOL OFFICERS:**

THE first article in this department was prepared by my predecessor in office, Hon. John D. Philbrick.

It was with deep regret that I learned that Mr. Philbrick felt it to be his duty to resign his place as Superintendent of Common Schools; a post for which he was so admirably fitted, and which he had filled for two years, so much to the benefit of the schools of the State. Especially was it felt to be unfortunate that he should be obliged to leave just as the new school law, in which he had taken so deep an interest, was to be put in operation.

In Mr. Philbrick's communication in the January number of the Journal, the principal features of the change made by the new law were pointed out, its advantages set forth, and an assurance given that he would speak more particularly of the proper construction of certain points in the law in the next number of the Journal.

There was no time after my own acceptance of the office, made vacant by Mr. Philbrick's resignation, to communicate for the February number. I shall speak at the present time of those parts of the law that seem to require more immediate attention.

REPORTS AND RETURNS.

The new law requires the Acting School Visitors of every town to make a full report of the condition of the common schools of said town and of all the important facts concerning the same to the Superintendent of common schools, on or before the first day of October, annually, and to answer in writing all inquiries that may be propounded to them (or him,) on the subject of common schools by said Superintendent.

Provision is made for more complete reports and returns,

District committees are required to make written reports to the board of school visitors of the town, on, or before, the 30th day of September, in each year. These reports must contain certain statistics, which will enable the visitors to fill up the blanks sent from this office.

Blanks have already been sent out for the past year. In some cases the statistics must be gathered by visitors not acting last year, but the report, and records of schools for the year, should give the necessary data. It is hoped that visitors will see that the returns be made as complete as possible, and forwarded to this office on, or before, the tenth of March.

If the annual report of any visitor, or visitors, for the last year,

has not been sent to the Superintendent, it should be forwarded immediately.

Blanks for the present year will be sent to the acting visitor, or visitors, of each town in a few weeks. Many of the statistics necessary for these can be obtained while the schools are in session and a portion will be received from the district committees. These blanks should be filled out as soon as may be after the reports of the district committees have been received, and sent to the office of the Superintendent before the school year expires for which the visitors are chosen.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

The late Superintendent has prepared a circular, to School Visitors and Committees, respecting School Libraries.

This circular contains the laws relating to libraries in school districts and remarks on the same by Mr. Philbrick; rules and regulation, recommended; a plan for procuring books for a library at reduced prices through an agency in Hartford, and a form of certificate from School Committees to obtain from the State Superintendent an order for the amount appropriated by the legislature. There is also appended to this circular, a descriptive catalogue of books, recommended for school libraries, with lists of three different sets to be obtained for twenty dollars each. These circulars have been sent from this office by mail, directed to the "School Visitors" of each town in the State. The visitors are requested to see that they are distributed to the several district committees as soon as convenient.

The treasurer of the State, upon the order of the Superintendent of schools, is authorized and directed to pay over the sum of ten dollars, to every school district which shall have raised a like sum for the same purpose. The certificate from the district stating the amount raised, and signed by the district committee, can be sent to the Superintendent, New Britain, or left with F. C. Brownell, Hartford. On the receipt of the certificate, an order will be returned to the district, or the books may be received for the same, from the agency in Hartford.

The law requires the selection of books for school libraries, to be approved by the board of visitors of each town. The same board are also to make proper rules and regulations for the management, use and safe keeping of such libraries. The rules and regulations published in the circular are such as were believed to be adapted to the wants of districts generally. The visitors can adopt them as they stand, alter them, or make new ones as shall seem to be best.

DAVID N. CAMP,

Superintendent of Common Schools.

Resident Editor's Department.

AN EXCURSION.

WE recently spent a few days, in company with an esteemed and valued friend of education, in visiting several schools in New London County, and though we can not give so cheering an account of their condition as we could desire, we still feel that there are some encouraging indications. We shall endeavor to give a plain statement of what we saw.

WATERFORD. We visited several schools in this place, and found devoted teachers, intelligent scholars, but miserable school-houses. We were glad, however, to learn that one district had decided to erect a new house. Mr. Stanton and his interesting pupils certainly deserve better accommodations than they now have. In one district we found a building which must have been erected by the "grandfathers" of the town,—and we were informed that many thought it "good enough," because it *had* answered for the venerable men of a former generation. Good friends, be consistent, and if you really prefer to walk in the ways of the "grandfathers," do so without deviation. Bring forward the old wooden plough for farming purposes, the pillion for locomotive purposes, the hand-loom for manufacturing purposes. But, if you believe it the duty of each generation to improve upon the preceding one, act accordingly.

EAST LYME. At this place we visited several schools,—most of them in old and inconvenient school-houses. The intelligent people near the depot have just erected a new house which will be a credit to that pleasant village. We were sorry, however, to learn that a part of the citizens had withdrawn and formed a separate district, thus preventing the organization of a graded school as at first contemplated. The schools here have devoted friends in Rev. Mr. Burbanks, Dea. Champlin, Mr. Smith and others,—and the large and attentive audience in the evening gave evidence of a good degree of interest in the cause of education. •

SOUTH LYME. At this beautiful and wealthy village, we regretted to find the schools in a neglected condition. There was,

evidently, a want of interest on the part of the people, generally, though there are many who feel a strong desire to improve the common schools. We know of no place which could so well afford to establish and support a good graded school, and we can but hope that the intelligent people here will unite and act in a manner that will be for their credit and true interest. The Rev. Mr. Brainerd, and others, are laboring to effect improvements, and we heartily wish them success.

FLANDERS. Here we visited a large and pleasant school, in a good house, under the charge of Mr. George Hilliard. The school was orderly and appeared to be accomplishing a good work. In the afternoon the several schools and many of the parents assembled at the church where they were addressed by Gen. Williams, of Norwich, and by the writer of this. It was an interesting occasion. The Acting Visitor, the Rev. Mr. Wightman, manifested a deep and lively interest in the schools under his care. We were happy in learning that a new house was soon to be erected to take the place of the one now near the church, but which is no ornament to any place. A neat and commodious house has already been erected in the district some two miles toward South Lyme. We hope that Laysville and Silltown districts, and several others, will feel that their children are deserving of as good school-houses as are furnished elsewhere. We are sorry to say that we found many buildings which were not indicative of a true and generous common school spirit. It is but a sorry compliment to say of any district, that the school-house is one of the most unattractive buildings within its limits. We do not assert that such was the case in any district we visited. We leave the people to judge for themselves. We certainly did see several buildings used and occupied for school purposes which we could never approve as suitable for educational purposes, and if we resided in some of the districts and held the office of school visitor, there would soon be new and better buildings or else the public money would not find its way to certain localities. But a better day is coming and may God speed it.

SOCIAL GATHERING OF TEACHERS AT NEW LONDON.

It was our pleasure to be present at the 5th annual meeting of the teachers and school visitors of New London and Waterford, at the residence of the Hon. H. P. Haven. There were about 50 individuals present,—including every teacher from New London, and nearly

all from Waterford. It was a very pleasant sight to see so many assembled who were engaged in a common cause. The early part of the evening was spent in free social conversation and in partaking of a bountiful supply of refreshments,—after which an hour was devoted to speech making. Very appropriate and highly interesting remarks were made by Prof. CAMP, of the Normal School, Gen. WILLIAMS, of Norwich, Mr. CLARK, of New Haven, Messrs. HAVEN, PERRY, CAMP, JENNINGS and WILEY, of New London, Hon. Mr. WIGHTMAN, of Waterford, and by others. It was an occasion of unusual interest and calculated to exert a salutary influence on the general cause of education. The good influences of such meetings are of a perpetuating and widening nature. We would that others in our cities and larger villages would imitate the noble example of Mr. Haven, and thus do something to encourage and cheer that noble band whose work it is to train and mould the youthful mind. *"As is the teacher, so is the school:"*—AND AS IS THE COMMUNITY, SO WILL BE THE TEACHER.

SOMERS. We have received a long and interesting letter from a friend in Somers, giving an account of the examination of their schools. The several schools were brought together at the church and were there examined by the school visitors. The exercises were interspersed with songs, declamations and compositions, and listened to with much interest by a large number of parents and others. The Rev. Mr. Oviatt, and Messrs. Percival and Woodward, took active part in the examination. Somers is on the right track and will surely progress.

NORWICH. The citizens at the Falls Village, have recently erected a beautiful and commodious school-house at an expense of about \$10,000. It is called the Sachem street school-house, and was dedicated by appropriate and interesting exercises, on Monday evening, January 11th. The Rev. Mr. Gulliver, made the principal dedicatory address, and was followed by highly interesting addresses from Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mayor Buckingham, Gen. Williams, Rev. Messrs. Dennison and Bond, Dr. Dean, of Greeneville, and by Mr. Crandall, principal of the school. We wish friend Crandall much success, and hope that the good people who have erected this beautiful house may feel well rewarded for their efforts. No investments pay so surely and satisfactorily, as those made in school-houses and churches.

ITEMS.

Prof. CHARLES F. DOWD has resigned his position as Superintendent of Schools in Waterbury, and accepted a professorship in the State Normal School at New Britain. Mr. Dowd is a most faithful and indefatigable teacher, and he has done a good work for education in the city of Waterbury. We wish him abundant success in his new position. Mr. D's successor at Waterbury has not yet been appointed.

MAINE. The Hon. MARK H. DUNNELL, of Norway, has been elected Superintendent of Common Schools for the State of Maine. This is a good appointment. We hope our Maine friends will never decide to have a new Superintendent oftener than once a year.

ILLINOIS. The teachers of this State recently held a three days' meeting, of unusual interest, at Chicago. Among the speakers, was the Hon. HENRY BARNARD, of our State. We infer, from an account of the meeting, that our good friend WELLS, now Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, is "up to his old tricks,"—still working and talking for education. He is laboring to convince the people that common schools are good institutions. He did just so when in New England. However, we wish him success. We also learn that our friend SHERWOOD is working in the same cause; of which we are not surprised: "It is just like him;"—we knew he would be up to such works; 'twas just so with him when here. William H. Wells and George Sherwood are an important part of the common school system; they are good as locomotive power. Will George please report himself through the columns of our Journal? His many friends here will be glad to hear from him.

NORMAL SCHOOL. The next term of this school will commence on Wednesday, April 15th, and continue 14 weeks. Those desirous of attending should make early application to Prof. David N. Camp.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND. At the recent inauguration of a Normal and Model Schools for the island, Mr. Coles, the able author of the present system in the island, gave the following statistics, which are highly interesting as indicative of marked progress. The legislative grant for the encouragement of education in the island, has been for different years as follows:

In 1808, £327,

1839, 605,

1841, 1,271,

1850, 1,825,

1854, 9,000,

1856, 12,000, or about one-third of the entire revenue of the whole island. In 1850, there were not more than 90 common schools, with 4,000 pupils. Now there are 260 schools and 12,000 pupils, being an increase of 300 per cent. in five years. The schools are *free*, in the strictest sense, excepting for books. It will be seen that the cost is £1, or nearly \$5 per scholar. What would some of our Connecticut people say to this:—we mean the few who feel so oppressed if taxed 25 cents—even though they can pay it in Spanish quarters at original value?

CORRESPONDENTS. We again tender our thanks to our friends for their communications. We have a large number on hand which will appear in due time. If we may judge from the increased number of communications of late, we may infer that the Journal is awakening the right interest. We are daily in receipt of very commendatory and encouraging notices.

EXCHANGES. Several of our exchanges from other States, have not reached us recently,—owing, probably, to the late unprecedented irregularity of the mails. Among the dilatory ones, are the "North Carolina School Journal;" "Indiana School Journal;" "Michigan Journal of Education;" "Wisconsin Journal of Education;" "Voice of Iowa."

We have just received the January No. of the Canada Journal of Education, and an excellent one it is. We have also received the February No. of "The American Journal of Education and College Review,"—edited by Dr. Peters;—an interesting number of a valuable Journal. We shall endeavor, in our next, to give brief notices of the Educational Journals.

Exchanges will please address, "School Journal, New Britain, Ct."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

COLTON'S GENERAL ATLAS, containing 170 steel plate Maps and Plans, on 100 imperial folio sheets. By G. WOLWORTH COLTON. Accompanied by descriptions, Geographical, Statistical and Historical. By Richard S. Fisher, M. D. New York: J. H. Colton & Co.

This is a truly splendid and useful work. The maps and plans are beautifully engraved, and the printed pages contain an immense amount of useful information. For the counting-room, school-room, library, or family, it is an invaluable work. We know of none which can compete with it, and we most cordially and confidently commend it to the attention of such as may be in want of a superior general atlas. Address J. H. Colton & Co. 172 William street, New York.

MEANS AND ENDS OF UNIVERSAL EDUCATION. By IRA MAYHEW, A. M., Superintendent of Public Instruction of Michigan. 12 mo. 460 pp. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We are glad to learn that Messrs. Barnes & Co. have added this volume of sound, common sense views,—plainly and forcibly expressed,—to their "Teacher's Library." Mr. Mayhew has been, for many years, a devoted laborer in the cause of popular education, and he knows of what he speaks.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL TEXT-BOOK: a practical and familiar exposition of the Constitution of the United States, &c. Designed chiefly for the use of schools, academies, and families. By FURMAN SHEPPARD. 12 mo. 320 pp. Philadelphia: Childs & Putnam.

This volume contains a vast amount of information which should be familiar to every citizen of our country, and we have long felt that more attention should be given, in our higher schools, to imparting instruction on the points treated of in this book, which appears to us to have been prepared with good judgment.

PARLOR DRAMAS: or Dramatic Scenes for home amusement. By WM. B. FOWLE. 12 mo. 312 pp. Boston: Morris Colton. New York: J. M. Fairchild & Co.

The object of this volume is to furnish suitable pieces for home recitations, and the design is a good one and well executed. It contains fifteen pieces, written in Mr. Fowle's peculiar style, and they are at once humorous and instructive. If this volume shall prove instrumental of making the fireside and parlor more attractive, it will not have been prepared in vain.

"THE ONE HUNDRED DIALOGUES," by the same author and publisher, contains 117 original dialogues, most of them prepared with special reference to the wants of our schools. We commend both of these volumes to the attention of teachers.

THE SCHOOL VOCALIST: a new Musical Manual, for the use of Schools, &c. By G. H. CURTIS and F. H. NASH. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is a very neat and attractive book, intended for use in schools. Our musical knowledge is not such as will permit us to speak of the peculiar merits of the several tunes, but we would call the attention of teachers to it as a book which appears to us to be a good one.

THE PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF READERS. By SALEM TOWN and NELSON M. HOLBROOK. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co.

We have received the books of this series, seven in number, and are well pleased with their general appearance. The selections appear to have been made with good judgment, and the publishers have performed their part in a manner highly creditable. These readers may safely be considered as among the better class of reading books now before the public.

A PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD: illustrated by more than 1,200 Engravings, of Manners, Customs, Curiosities, Cities, Edifices, Ruins, Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Trees, Plants, Fruits, &c. By S. G. GOODRICH. 2 vols. Svo. More than 800 pp. in each. Boston: Charles D. Strong.

These volumes are a regular storehouse of valuable information on a great variety of important subjects, and they are worthy of a place in every school and public library. They would also prove highly entertaining and instructive as volumes for reference in families.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

This beautiful little monthly is edited by GRACE GREENWOOD, and published by Leander K. Lippincott, Philadelphia. It is an admirable paper for youth, and we sincerely wish that a copy might be taken by every family. Its articles are of an elevating and instructing tone. The terms are 50 cents per annum for one copy; five copies for \$2; fourteen copies for \$5, or fifty copies for \$15. Parents, take it for your children: it will do them good.

THE LAWS OF HEALTH: or Sequel to the "House I Live In." By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D. Designed for families and schools. 12 mo. 424 pp. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

We have examined this volume with a high degree of interest and satisfaction. It contains much information that should be within the reach of every person. It is well printed, and in all respects a valuable treatise. Buy it; read it; profit by it.